

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

May 1939

"I Serve"





PHOTO BY W. F. ROBERTS, COURTESY CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

THE RAINBOW

A painting by John Steuart Curry

Rainbow

MARJORIE WATTS

*The light danced down
From the sun up high;
Suddenly raindrops
Blew along by;
But before the wet wind
Had time to die,
God tossed a ribbon
Across the sky.*

A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The May News in the School

The Classroom Index

Auditorium:

"Rainbow," "More than Flowers We Have Brought," "Midsummer Festival"

Citizenship:

"Gloucester Boy," "Junior News"

General Science:

"First Steamboats on the Mississippi," "A Newspaper Comes from the Air," "They Move the Earth," "Spring Plowing"

Geography:

Canada—"Letters from Here and There"

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U. S. A.—"Gloucester Boy," "First Steamboats on the Mississippi," "Junior News," "A Fisherman Crowned"

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Health:

"Two Dates in May"

Nature Study:

"Spring Orchestra," (Front Cover) "Rainbow," "They Move the Earth," "Spring Plowing," "Letters from Here and There," "Midsummer Festival"

Primary Grades:

"Spring Orchestra," "Rainbow," "Spring Plowing," "Junior News," "May Day Surprise," "Midsummer Festival"

Reading:

1. What makes a rainbow? 2. Draw a picture of the sun, the rain, and the rainbow.

1. Why were Uncle Joe and Manuel crowned? 2. Find Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the map.

1. How did lard win a steamboat race on the Mississippi? 2. What other inventions, besides the steamboat, have been most important to communication and transportation?

1. How did Seiji have a chance to go back to the country? 2. What other Japanese festivals do you know about?

1. Why did the reporters call the radio newspaper a "Geep Scratch"? 2. What important changes may result from the radio newspaper?

1. Why are May 12 and May 14 important? 2. Do you know of other special days in May?

1. What gift besides flowers do we take to the soldiers' graves? 2. Learn the poem by heart.

1. What use is an earthworm? 2. Which do you think is smarter, an earthworm or an ant?

1. Who helps with the first spring plowing? 2. Draw a picture of spring plowing.

1. Tell one new thing learned about Canada from school correspondence. 2. What contribution to civilization was made by Yasushi Nawa?

1. Have an oral English period in which each one retells one Junior news item. 2. Is the activity you retell one that your own Junior group could carry out?

1. What did Jimmy's schoolmates have instead of May baskets at Arturo's party? 2. What countries have May Pole dances?

1. How did the beasts and the birds celebrate midsummer? 2. Choose parts and make a play of the poem.

Units:

Adventure—"Gloucester Boy," "First Steamboats on the Mississippi," "A Newspaper Comes from the Air"

Communication and Transportation—"First Steamboats on the Mississippi," "A Newspaper Comes from the Air"

Conservation of Life—"Gloucester Boy," "Two Dates in May," "Junior News"

Conservation of Property—"They Move the Earth," "Spring Plowing," "Letters from Here and There"

Education—"Gloucester Boy," "The Boys' Festival," "May Day Surprise"

Holidays—"Gloucester Boy," "A Fisherman Crowned," "The Boys' Festival," "Two Dates in May," "Junior News," "May Day Surprise," "Midsummer Festival"

Home—"Gloucester Boy," "The Boys' Festival," "May Day Surprise"

Industry—"Gloucester Boy," "The Boys' Festival," "Letters from Here and There"

Inventions and Their Effect on Living—"First Steamboat on the Mississippi," "A Newspaper Comes from the Air"

Pets—"Spring Orchestra," "They Move the Earth," "Spring Plowing," "Midsummer Festival"

CHANGE OF MAGAZINE ADDRESS

Many magazines are not delivered to schools in September and October because of incorrect addresses, due to changes in teachers. If your magazine is mailed in care of a teacher who is leaving, please forward the name of the new teacher before September first in order to insure prompt delivery next fall.

The Junior Red Cross Program of Activities for May

BECAUSE of an unprecedented increase in Junior Red Cross enrollment, all the copies of the PROGRAM OF ACTIVITIES originally printed and a re-order of 10,000 copies have been completely exhausted. It is impossible so late in the year to reprint. Schools enrolling after this year's PROGRAM ceased to be available will receive the new one for next year's activities in September.

In the meantime the activities on the May page are reprinted here. The picture for May, which unfortunately cannot be reproduced, is of Boy's Day in Japan, two Japanese boys fencing.

Service

What Shall the Red Cross Mean?

Protection during vacation and on holidays—

Do all you can to protect others against accidents at home, on farms, in city streets.

Watch for Red Cross First Aid stations on highways.

Work out a plan of safe play for some crowded neighborhood.

Save lives on the Fourth of July. Protect against accidents from fireworks and traffic.

Have injuries and deaths from accident decreased in your community since last year?

How have you helped?

Growth in skills:

Complete your plan for swimming for all who want it. Find out whether older members would like Red Cross courses in First Aid, Nutrition, or Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick. Take care of younger children so mothers and fathers can attend courses.

An aim for vacation:

Learn one new outdoor game and one new craft or art.

Organize vacation groups: for hikes, to study trees, stones, soil or rock formations, birds, flowers, agricultural products in your sections. Keep diaries of your discoveries to use in school correspondence.

Attractiveness of school grounds and home—If your school garden needs thinning out, give away or take home extra plants.

Appoint vacation volunteers, to care for the school garden and to cut flowers for gifts.

A friendly Summer—

Remember friends in public homes and Government hospitals during Summer holidays. Wrap, address and date gifts before school closes. Appoint committees of Junior volunteers to help the Chapter distribute parcels. If your neighborhood has no books and free lending library, can you arrange one?

YOUNG MEMBERS, SAVE SEEDS FROM HOME GARDENS FOR SERVICE NEXT YEAR.

World Friendship

What shall the Red Cross mean?

Throughout the world—

Build a World Good Will Day program for May 18th around the idea of world comradeship in humanitarian service.

Good will in many countries:

Yugoslavia—Juniors gave a radio concert in Bel-

grade. Their group included Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Roumanians, Germans, and Hungarians dressed in local costumes. A girls' school in Belgrade organized a Junior Red Cross festival of Balkan songs and dances to earn money for sending children to Summer colonies.

Japan—Juniors caught and sold shellfish for their Service Fund.

School correspondence—

So far as possible leave no correspondence unanswered before vacation. Send a letter of acknowledgment for any material received too late for a reply album. Leave a memorandum about countries you wrote to, and what you wrote, so that next year's class can write on other subjects. Ask to see replies.

YOUNG MEMBERS, READ FAIRY TALES FROM OTHER COUNTRIES DURING VACATION.

To Fit Us for Better Service

What shall the Red Cross mean?

In personal health—

Set individual goals for storing up reserves of health during the Summer: Gains in strength, endurance, and weight.

Resistance to sickness through sun tan, milk, fruits, leafy green and yellow-colored vegetables.

Talk over differences in habits of sleep during vacation and school months.

Decide on two or three personal health habits you will watch during vacation.

Make a list of outdoor knowledge you would like to acquire during the Summer.

Examples: To identify birds by their calls, to take pictures of wild animals or park birds, to cook a camp meal, paint or draw pictures of flowers, draw maps of your auto roads or hiking trails.

Plan with your parents for a fresh air reading retreat of your own—a tent, tree house, porch corner, or sunny window indoors.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MEASURE AND WEIGH ONE ANOTHER BEFORE SCHOOL CLOSING. SEE HOW MUCH YOU HAVE GROWN AND GAINED WHEN SCHOOL OPENS.

Developing Vacation Activities

The activities listed this month are, for the most part, activities that can be carried out in vacation.

The friends who have enjoyed Junior Red Cross gifts and entertainments during the school year will continue to enjoy attention during vacation. Suggestions are given in the May "activities." Your pupils will be interested in typical notes of appreciation for Summer service. These were received by Junior Red Cross members of Philadelphia:

From General Hospitals: "Thank you so much for the Fourth of July Favors, they were lovely and very much appreciated."

"The Junior Red Cross added a great deal of happiness to our shut-ins at Germantown Hospital on Memorial Day. Holidays are liable to be homesick days for people confined to hospitals. To be remembered by those outside helps so much.

(Continued on page 3)

A Biography of Henri Dunant

DUNANT, THE STORY OF THE RED CROSS, by Martin Gumpert, Oxford University Press, 1938, New York. \$2.50.

If you are thirty years old, you were born before the man who founded the Red Cross died. That is how young in the earth the idea is that suffering men are brothers even when they seem most bitterly opposed to one another in war. It is not, of course, the suffering that makes them kin but it is unfortunately too often only that which makes the kinship recognized.

Henri Dunant was not the first individual to have such an idea nor did the Red Cross create the spirit of mercy. It was the explosion of the idea in the mind of Dunant, the mating of his passionate idealism with the more pragmatic talent of Gustave Moynier that gave it world-wide incarnation. Seventy-five years' distance from the First Convention in Geneva in 1864 has given the biographer the needed perspective "to interpret the real meaning of Dunant's life."

When the founder of the Red Cross set out for Solferino, he was little more than a casual sightseer except for his self-interested purpose to secure an interview with Napoleon III on a personal business project. At thirty-six he was a sheltered sensitive bourgeois with vague good will. His father and mother had interested themselves in helping orphans. He himself was the member of a benevolent society, often visited invalids and other shut-ins, and had helped one of his acquaintances to promote the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association—still with us. From the moment of his first violent contact with human suffering at Solferino, Dunant was never again the master of his own life. As events led him on, he felt, more than once, that his work in the movement he had begun was finished. But at the same time that he was shaping history, it swept him on in spite of himself.

The Franco-Prussian War drove the new organization into an immediate bloody test, the human need treading on the heels of the rescuers. That has been happening ever since, in man-made and natural disasters. There at the outset, hard, practical problems had to be met, of catching up with new barbarous ways of warfare by devising new techniques of humanity and seeking self-imposed controls. There is a prophetic quality in these earliest discussions.

At the outset there were the divergent views—worldly-wise skepticism, almost arrogant faith in human goodness, tolerant courtesies in spite of opposing opinions, pleasant pomp and circumstance in official entertainment, a recognition that the appeal must be a democratic one to all classes and that the effort must belong alike to the great and the humble, developing into a universal movement.

The entry of the American Red Cross is shown in its relation to the world movement (there are still persons who are surprised to learn that the Red Cross was not started in America). At the First Convention, however, invaluable counsel was given by Charles S. P. Bowles representing the American Sanitary Commission as a semi-official observer. He was the only person present who could bring into the theoretical discussion the force of practical experience. In his report to the State Department, he said: "These life pictures, books, and practical proofs produced an effect as great as it was valuable. It was,

to many of them—earnest men seeking for light, with their whole hearts, in the interest of a long-suffering humanity—like the sight of the promised land. They had been working in the dark and this was the opening of a window letting in a flood of light."

In turn, it was Clara Barton's observation of the Red Cross on European battle fields that fired her with determination that the United States must also have the benefit of the superior humanitarian organization: "When I saw the work of the Red Cross in the field, when I saw how, through systematic organization, it accomplished in four months what without its help we were unable to accomplish in four years—no mistakes, no needless suffering, no waste, no confusion, but order, abundance, cleanliness, and comfort wherever the little flag made its way—I said, 'I shall strive to make my people understand the Red Cross and this Convention.'"

These first years, and indeed the life of Dunant, held as in embryo, a surprising number of social ideals that are still in the making. In the *Souvenir of Solferino*, is this prophesy of disaster relief:

"These leagues could also, once they were permanently established, perform great services in case of epidemics, floods, fires, and other unforeseen catastrophes. The same main-spring of brotherly love, which will make possible their creation, will also cause them to respond whenever the need arises."

There was, even, in Dunant's dream, a utopian hope for the social education of citizens in a democratic national army—"to raise the moral and intellectual level of the citizen in military service, to develop in him the desire for education for useful occupations and even for the arts; to create the means for his education in his earlier calling or his primitive manual dexterity; to form libraries and temperance societies; to organize welfare work in the jails and military prisons where none exists; to instruct the young citizen who is called to the colors; to moralize and humanize him; to awaken and develop in him everything that can favorably influence his character—that is the goal we hope to attain. It is a new form of protest against national hatreds, a greater and nobler patriotism whose function it is to develop the whole nation for those great efforts which kill egoism, ignorance, and prejudice."

No reader will agree with all of the author's interpretations of his material; neither will all agree as to the particular ones with which they disagree. But anyone interested in the Red Cross movement for its larger importance in human history should read the book, not merely as the story of one man's life, but as a biography of one of the most important and effectual social movements.

(Continued from page 2)

"We all join in sending grateful thanks for the favors and candy mints."

From a hospital for contagious diseases: "Your contribution came at a most appropriate time, for our supply of toys had dwindled considerably and the children who do not have anything sent in to them would have been left without anything at all to play with.

"It is very difficult for me to put into words just how much it means to us to have friends like you on the outside who think of us from time to time."

Fitness for Service for May

"Individual Goals"

THE Nursing Service contributes the following points for presentation to pupils on Summer health:

"Take an 'inventory' of how I look and feel now.
"At the end of Summer, how do I want to look and feel?"

"I want to look:

"1. Well. Therefore I must have

"a. Clean, clear skin

"b. No breathing obstruction

"c. Eyes that are rested and bright

"d. Good posture

"2. Happy—"I must have a healthy mind."

"3. Alert—Therefore, I must have a bank account of stored-up energy.

"I want to feel:

"1. Strong—Therefore, I need an abundance of fresh air and sunshine—foods with lots of vitamins.

"2. Cheerful—Therefore, I need to see and hear beauty about me in nature and in the people I live and play with.

"3. Full of pep—Therefore, I need to balance work, play, rest, and to keep from overdrawing on my bank account of stored energy.

"In order to reach my goal at the end of Summer, I can find more time to:

"1. Rest, read, work, play out of doors each day.

"2. Practice all the rules of health we have discussed in school this year each day.

"3. Watch for beauty everywhere and store it up for winter use.

"4. Guard against accident and illness by helping make the community safer by:

"a. Promoting safe playgrounds and swimming pools

"b. Urging attendance at immunization clinics (or go to family doctor)

"c. Learning to be a Junior Life Saver and First Aider

"d. Helping with the P.T.A. Summer Round-Up Campaign"

Protection from Accidents

Precautions against home, farm, and school accidents can be reviewed particularly to bring out gains made through checking hazards, removing causes and improving personal habits. Emphasis on personal responsibility is particularly appropriate at the beginning of vacation months. Keeping a notebook of accidents seen or suffered and of accidents avoided through carefulness will furnish material for continuing the program of education next Fall.

The following "Advice to Hikers and Campers" is quoted from the Polish Junior Red Cross magazine:

"Avoid the highways, take the narrow lanes.

"Don't go in forbidden places, and observe the fish and game laws.

"Do not destroy fences, hedges, trees, crops, or signs. Everything is of some good to someone. It is necessary to respect public and private property.

"Do not pick fruit from other people's orchards. Do not eat green fruit.

"Make your fire on damp ground, never on leaves or dry brush. If possible, extinguish the fire with water, not by stamping on it: a spark may be kicked several yards away and be the cause of a forest fire.

"Leave your camp perfectly clean and orderly.

"Do not conduct yourself like a savage, but as a guest.
"In camp, learn to see, to listen, and to admire Nature as an eternal source of beauty."

Safety in Bicycling

The Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company a year ago warned about the increasing accident and death rate as a result of bicycling. Studying this problem with pupils before vacation will help to reduce hazards. Parts of the Statistical Bulletin (March, 1938) are quoted:

"The bicycle rider in our city streets and country highways represents a hazard that probably causes more worry to the automobile driver than to the cyclist himself, though statistics show that the latter has plenty of cause for worry. In 1936 and in 1937 the fatalities resulting from the collision of automobiles with bicycles were double the number of the preceding year. Estimates for the United States place the number of deaths in collisions between these vehicles at about 700 in 1936 and 1937, and at about 350 in 1935. While these national estimates are not exact, being based on information supplied by a limited number of States, there can be little doubt that the number of deaths actually did double between 1935 and 1936. . . .

"The explanation for this sudden rise in the death rate seems to lie mainly in the recent increase in the number of boys on bicycles on our highways. . . .

"Motorists will not be surprised at these findings. The unpredictable actions of boy bicyclists have given them many uneasy moments. Youthful cyclists will swerve suddenly and widely, often in the direction of a car approaching them. They cut across traffic lanes, pedaling furiously, depending on their speed and skill for safety. They dart into the road from between parked cars, quite often with another lad sitting on the handlebars. Many of them will race along in front of any automobile for blocks before yielding the right of way. At night, because of the absence of lights or reflectors on their wheels, they will loom up suddenly in the path of a car. It is a singular fact that in the heyday of the bicycle, the nineties of the last century, laws requiring the carrying of lights at night were strictly enforced; while today, with road hazards vastly increased by the automobile, few cyclists take the trouble to carry a light at night. It is very fortunate that in some states and localities the authorities have taken steps to remedy this situation. Motorists themselves, also, must contribute their share in reducing the toll.

"The prevention of these regrettable accidents to cyclists is, however, admittedly difficult. It means convincing adolescents that they should stay off the highways except when their presence there is unavoidable; that while they are on highways, even under the best circumstances, they are in grave danger, and must be continuously on the alert to protect themselves; and that showing off, clowning, and bravado on the highways are suicidal. Parental influence must be exercised to keep boys from needlessly using the highways. The schools can aid in pointing out the hazards. The laws of every State should require that bicycles in use at night be equipped with a front light and a tail light or reflector, and these laws should be enforced strictly. Bicyclists should be subject to the highway traffic laws.

"The most effective means for preventing these accidents would be to provide more cycling paths."

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

May • 1939

Gloucester Boy

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

Illustrations by Richard A. Holberg

HERRICK COURT went up in several flights of steps with houses on each side. Manuel Madieros lived in the last house on the top floor, and from the kitchen window he could look far out to sea beyond the lighthouse.

Manuel's mother did not look out to sea, for it made her feel sad. When Manuel was a baby and his sister Palmagra was three years old, papa Madieros' boat had not come home from a fishing trip to the Georges Banks.

But Manuel watched for his Uncle Joe, and when he saw the schooner *Philomena* coming in he would clatter down the stairs of Herrick Court, across Main Street, and down Union Hill to the wharves.

"Hie, Uncle Joe!" Manuel yelled.

Uncle Joe climbed up on the wharf and said, "Hie, Manuel! Going out with us next trip?"

Manuel wanted to shout "Yes, Uncle Joe!" but he remembered how sad his mother was when he begged to go with Captain Joe on a trip. She wanted him to be a postman, so she would know just where he was at every hour of the day.

One day Uncle Joe said to her, "If Manuel wants to be a fisherman, how can he keep his mind on addresses and streets and numbers when his thoughts are only of boats and fish? Why not let him take one trip with me?"

Mrs. Madieros said nothing for a long time, and Manuel and his uncle looked glumly at each other. At last she said, "If you go on a trip and find that you are the right sort of boy to take to fishing for the rest of your life, I will not stand in your way. But if the work

is not as pleasant as you think it is, will you be a postman when you grow up?"

Manuel promised, but he knew in his heart that he would be a fisherman like his father.

When he went on board the *Philomena* he had a duffle bag, oilskins, all the sweaters he owned, and boots reaching to his hips.

"Why should I take sweaters and warm clothes when it is summer, Uncle Joe?" questioned Manuel.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Uncle Joe. "You'll learn something about cold weather on the open sea, even if it is summer time."

There were twelve men in the crew. The engineer was called the Chief and the cook was called Tony. Manuel went down to the galley to have his duties explained, for Uncle Joe had said, "It is a strong man's work to go dragging, but the cook can use a lively boy in the galley."

The routine of two hours off and two hours on duty was begun, and Manuel stowed his dunnage away in the upper bunk that was his and began his work of peeling potatoes and vegetables and getting the table ready for dinner.

He wondered at the number of steaks he saw being cooked.

"Ha!" bragged Tony, "best food on earth isn't too good for fishermen. When you see how they work and how little sleep and rest they get, you'll know they need good food."

Going to the Georges Banks was like one long fête day. But the morning Uncle Joe cast out the sounding lead, a very different



When he saw the "Philomena" coming in, he would clatter down to the wharves

feeling came upon everyone, and there was an immediate stir of action.

Heavy doors bound with iron weighted the great net at each end. As they went overboard, the net with its glass floats to keep it apart sank rapidly.

"How far down will it go?" cried Manuel, watching the place where it sank.

"Maybe fifteen fathoms—the cod stay within three fathoms of the bottom."

"But how do you know there is cod down there?"

"The sounding lead showed us that. We know from long years of fishing just what fish belongs to certain kinds of sea muck."

Suddenly the net was dragged in, with the winch screeching as it drew close to the schooner.

The doors heaved up and a squirming mass of fish came into view. In no time the fish were dumped into the open hatches and one of the crew shoveled ice between the layers as fast as they came down.

"Heave her out again!" commanded Captain Joe.

Manuel began to wonder why the cook did not give him any kitchen duty. He was hungry, too.

But no one paid any attention to being hungry, it seemed. The net went down over and over again.

Manuel made some sandwiches and brewed coffee, and with a basket of cups he managed

to give each man a steaming drink. He went below and cleaned up the galley and sat on his bunk and all at once fell asleep. How long he slept he did not know.

On deck again, he found everything just the same as when he had left hours ago. At last, as the net came up with only a small catch, Captain Joe called, "Guess we cleaned up this ground all right."

The next day was cold, and Manuel, not being as active as the men at work, went below to warm up and listen to the radio. The announcer gave the time. Then came the weather report.

"Storm warning Eastport to Sandy Hook. Storm is moving with marked intensity. Small craft take warning!"

At once he went up to Captain Joe and repeated the announcer's words.

"Go below and listen to the next report. We must get all the fish we can before that storm breaks."

Again the warning came. The storm was moving southeasterly. At the same time, the schooner gave way to a different motion. Manuel dashed up and found the men hauling in a full net, with water pouring over the decks, fish slipping into the hatches and ice being shoveled over them. The holds were full.

"Batten down the hatches!" cried the Captain.

The waves began to lift and spill across the deck, and rain fell.

"Go below and stay there," ordered the Captain with a sharp look at his nephew.

Manuel was thrilled with the tossing of the schooner, but he obeyed the orders like a good seaman and crawled safely down the companionway.

Some of the crew were snoring in deep sleep. In the hot forecabin Manuel found it hard to remember how icy and stormy the winds were.

He listened to the radio for quite a while. At last he said to himself, "Maybe, if I take just one look to see Uncle Joe standing at the wheel like the statue at home, he won't mind."

He put on his sweater, but left the boots and oilskins at the side of his bunk and made

his way to the deck. At that moment, no waves were pouring over. There was a lull in the storm. He clung to a rope dangling from a mast and breathed the wild air. Then, before any one of the crew busy on deck knew what was happening, a huge wave thundered over and swept Tony overboard with it. He tossed for an instant on the water. No one rushed to throw him a line.

"It's no use, his clothes are so heavy he will sink," cried Captain Joe with a terrible groan.

Like a flash Manuel dove overboard, remembering his lessons in life-saving on the Gloucester beach. In another flash Captain Joe threw a line after him.

The devout Portuguese crew prayed to Our Lady of the Good Voyage for the safety of the rash boy. Like men watching a miracle, they saw Manuel next to Tony, holding his collar in one hand, reaching for the line with the other.

Someone began to pull in the rope with Tony holding fast. Manuel was keeping his head above water and struggling with the waves.

Another anxious moment. He was gaining toward the schooner, toward a second line that tossed always beyond his reach. In that

instant of peril there came to Manuel a vision of the statue of Our Lady between the twin towers at home, looking out to sea; he saw her eyes bent on him and her brave words were whispered in his ears. He kept on struggling, and it seemed as if her arm reached out to give him the line. He clenched it fast in his fist.

Ages passed. He was being hauled on deck. He was carried below and hot milk was given him.

He breathed naturally again and all at once he was asleep.

When Manuel awoke the schooner was rocking gently. There was Tony grinning at him.

"Ho,—so you are awake and hungry, too, eh, Mannie?"

He sat up.

"Did I oversleep? Is it time for me to peel potatoes?"

"Peel potatoes? Ha, ha!" laughed Tony. "A real seaman like you peel potatoes!"

It all came back to him.

"Oh, Tony, I did not obey the Captain's orders."

"Well, this time I guess he will let it go."

Later on, Manuel thought of his promise to his mother.

"Will my mother mind very much because I am going to be a fisherman?" he asked his uncle.

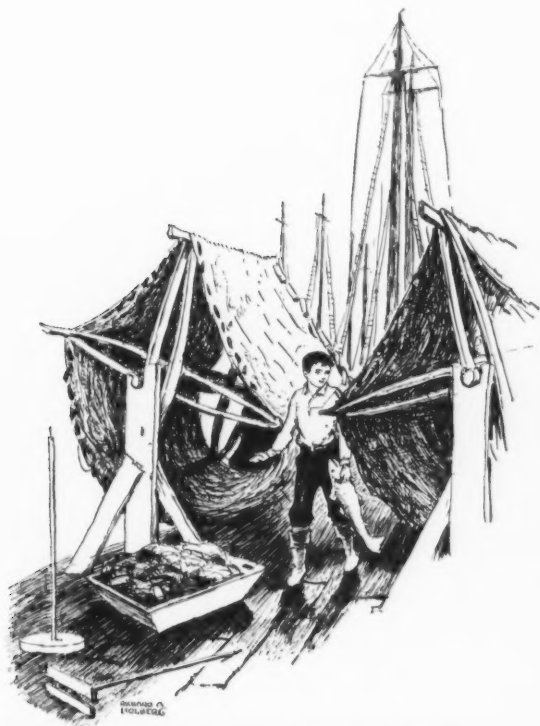
"Not when I tell her that you are strong and fearless and have the salt sea in your veins. I think she will be proud and glad to have you like your father was."

As the *Philomena* drew in to harbor once more, they could see Our Lady of the Good Voyage off in the distance above the roofs of Gloucester town.

"Your mother will be happy when she sees you crowned," said Uncle Joe.

It was the Sunday in June when all the fishing boats were in and the captains and crews gathered in the Square before the church for the ancient crowning ceremony brought over from Portugal by the forefathers of the fishermen of Gloucester. Hundreds of children were there also. The girls were dressed in white, like Palmagra, with broad red ribbons across their breasts. The boys were dressed like Manuel in their best clothes, with red ribbons across their chests and red ribbon bows on the right arms.

There were two bands, three drill teams of young women and an escort of Coast Guards and policemen.



Manuel wanted to shout "Yes, Uncle Joel!"

Palmagra and three other girls formed a square with red staffs, and an older girl carried a beautiful banner with the words *Divinia Espirito Santo* embroidered on it. A silver dove tipped the staff of the banner. Suddenly the parade began as the children were shoved into place. The smallest ones, dressed in white, led it. The fishermen in their Sunday clothes joined it and the band played, and they all marched in and out the streets of Gloucester under American and Portuguese flags until they came to a little house all decorated with banners where Captain Joe Madieros lived.

Uncle Joe looked so handsome and solemn that Manuel hardly knew him. His heart nearly burst with pride as the Captain came down the porch steps carrying a crown covered with a piece of silk and walked into the square made by the girls with red staffs.

Captain Madieros led the parade back into the church square, and the tiniest girls threw paper rose petals at his feet and the band played a slow hymn.

Overhead the famous carillon began to ring. The bell tunes floated over the town and scattered across the sea like far heavenly music. The sun was bright and warm and Manuel could see the statue of Our Lady between the twin bell towers holding the little fishing boat in her arm.

Soon the church was filled and the ancient ceremony began. The priest told how, in the thirteenth century, Queen Isabel of Portugal, against the King's will, took baskets of bread to her poor people.

One day he stopped her and angrily asked what was in the basket.

"Roses," she said.

The King looked and saw the basket was filled with roses, and at the same time a dove from the sky flew down on the Queen's head.

Though Manuel knew the story by heart, he never tired of hearing how the Portuguese made a Saint of Isabel and how, whenever they were in trouble, they prayed to her and pledged them-

selves to the ceremony of the Crowning if they were rescued.

Now the choir was singing softly and the priest was placing the shining crown for a minute on Uncle Joe's head as he knelt. He had been a good man all the year, as everyone knew, and that was why he had been chosen for the honor. Then the crown was placed on the heads of those who had been delivered from some danger during the past year and, of course, Manuel and Tony were among them.

When the ceremony was over, everybody marched across the Square to the hall for dinner.

Many of the fishermen's wives had been baking bread for days and had even stayed up all night to see that it rose properly. The fishermen and their friends ate upstairs, and the children were downstairs where they could make as much noise as they wanted. Manuel ate his "sopas," a fine-flavored meat broth with sprigs of spearmint and spongy chunks of bread swimming in it, until he could eat no more.

But somehow he had room for the delicate sweetbread called "resquillas." The loaves were round and made with a hole in the center so that many could be carried on the arm to give to the poor.

The older people listened to speeches and the children played in the Square after they had taken the left-over food to the sick and those who were kept at home. There was an

auction of donated lobsters, fruit, wine, and bread tied with red ribbons and decorated with flowers.

When evening came Uncle Joe said, "Well, Manuel, you earned a share in the profits of the trip. Shall I put it in the bank for you?"

Manuel nodded his head.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the Captain.

"I will save it to buy a schooner some day," Manuel said in a choked and happy voice.

"You are a chip off the old block. A real Gloucester boy," said Captain Joe.





A steamboat race on the Mississippi

First Steamboats on the Mississippi

GERTRUDE HARTMAN

IN THE spring of 1809 there was great excitement in the little frontier town of Pittsburgh. Nicholas Roosevelt and his young wife had just arrived from New York, and the news was going round that Robert Fulton had sent him west to find out whether a steamboat could be run on the Mississippi River. Two years before, Fulton's *Clermont* had made the first successful steamboat trip in the world up and down the Hudson River in New York. Fulton realized how useful a steamboat would be to the pioneers making their way to the west at that time, and had sent Roosevelt to explore the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers and report to him.

A steamboat on the Mississippi! It might be all right to have steamboats on the Hudson River, but the people of the west feared the Mississippi. It was a dangerous river with its swift current, its rapids and its treacherous sandbars. Most of the pioneers went down the Mississippi on flatboats. These were like huge floating boxes, large enough to carry a score of people and their household goods and animals. They drifted down the river with the current, helped along by long oars, and steered by a big stern sweep almost as long as the boat.

The flatboat men warned Roosevelt of the danger of the undertaking, but he was not to be discouraged. He built a flatboat and

floated down the Ohio and the Mississippi, making a careful survey. Then he took a sailing vessel back to New York to report to Fulton.

In 1811 Roosevelt was back in Pittsburgh once more to build a steamboat. In September the boat was finished and was named the *New Orleans* in honor of her destination. But most people thought she would never reach it.

Roosevelt decided that it was time to start. Mrs. Roosevelt agreed with him. When the people in Pittsburgh learned that she was going along they were struck with horror. "My dear lady," they said, "you are risking your life. What if the steamboat should blow up?" But Mrs. Roosevelt believed in her husband and decided to go with him.

Crowds of people gathered on the river bank and cheered the *New Orleans* as she steamed off down the Ohio. On the second day she reached Cincinnati, and the whole town assembled on the river bank. Many of the acquaintances that Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had made on their journey in the flatboat came in small craft to visit the steamboat.

"Well, you are as good as your word," said some of the visitors. "You have visited us in a steamboat, but we see you for the last time. Your boat may go down, but as for coming up the river, the very idea is absurd."



A river flatboat. Barges like this were used before the coming of the steamboat

The flatboatmen shook their heads as they crowded around the strange-looking craft. They had no faith in it, and offered to tow it if it got stuck on its journey down the river. But as to the boat's coming back up the river, against the powerful current of the river, all agreed that *that* could never be.

Three days later, the *New Orleans* reached Louisville about midnight. The engineer released the safety valve so as to take off pressure from the boiler. There was a frightful roar of escaping steam, and the people of Louisville tumbled out of their beds and came rushing down to the river to see what terrible thing had happened. There was a brilliant moon, and it was as light as day. You can imagine their astonishment when they saw the strange-looking boat in the river.

Just below Louisville there were many falls in the river which could be safely passed only at high water. When the steamboat arrived, the water in the river was very low and it was found that it could not ride over the rapids. While waiting for the river to rise, Roosevelt decided to try the steamboat upstream, and in a few days the *New Orleans* appeared again at Cincinnati, to the great amazement of the people. The doubters could no longer doubt; they had seen with their own eyes that the steamboat could make its way upstream against the current.

Soon the water in the river had risen, and Roosevelt decided to go over the falls. It was an anxious time. The pilot stood at the bow watching the swift current of the river. The

wheels of the steamer revolved faster than they had ever turned before, and everyone on board grasped the nearest object and waited with bated breath, not knowing what might happen. Black ledges of rock appeared on each side of the boat and in an instant disappeared, as the *New Orleans* flashed by them. The waters boiled and eddied and threw spray high up on the deck, and the boat pitched so that it seemed as if it might turn over any minute. Not a word was spoken by anyone. The pilot directed the sailors by motions of his hands. Even Tiger, Mrs.

Roosevelt's great Newfoundland dog, was frightened and came and placed his head in her lap. Fortunately the danger was soon past and the *New Orleans* was safe below the falls.

The steamboat continued down the river, causing great excitement at every settlement along the way, for everyone wanted to see this new kind of boat. In good time she reached New Orleans, and the voyage of the first steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi came to an end. As the boat was made fast to the dock, an old Negro on the bank threw up his hat, exclaiming, "By golly, de ole Missy done got her massa dis time, suah. Hooray!"

Soon after this eventful voyage other boats appeared on the Mississippi and their number increased rapidly.

For many years steamboat racing was one of the great sports of the Mississippi. Every captain was proud of his boat's speed, and tried to best any other steamboat that came along. It was a dangerous business. Tar was often poured over the wood for the boiler fire to make it burn more fiercely. Sometimes the crew had to play a stream of water over the deck to keep the boat from catching fire from the sparks and pieces of burning wood that dropped from the smokestacks.

Many interesting stories are told about these races. There is the story of a gray-haired old lady passenger. With her she had several barrels of lard from her plantation which she was taking to market down the river. Her friends had told her of the dangers

of steamboat travel, and she was worried. She sought the captain and said, "Captain, I want you to promise me that you won't run any races. I'm afraid of my life, and I don't want to be on any boat that races. You've no right to risk lives just to beat another boat. Besides," she added, "I have a hundred barrels of lard on board as freight, and I don't want anything to happen to them."

"I promise you to do nothing dangerous," replied the captain.

"Thank you," breathed the old lady in relief. "Thank you. I feel safer now."

Down the river steamed the boat. A rival boat appeared and tried to pass. It kept gaining on them. The old lady walked the deck, watching it. Suddenly she darted up the stairs to the captain.

"Captain," she begged, "can't we go faster?"

"We're doing the best we can. I can't beat the boat with what we're burning," was the captain's reply.

"What!" exclaimed the old lady. "With that boat getting ahead of us?"

"Yes," he answered. "They're putting oil on their wood. We can't beat her; our boilers are not hot enough."

"Captain, where is my lard?" demanded the old lady.

"Your lard?" said the captain in surprise. "It's in the hold. It's perfectly safe."

The old lady stamped her feet.

"Safe!" she shouted. "Captain, make your boys bring up that lard this minute, and put it on the wood and get your old boilers hot. Don't let that boat beat us. If you lose this race, I'll never travel with you again! Make your boys jump, or I will!"

The captain called out an order, and up came the barrels of lard from the hold. The fires leaped up, the wheels turned faster, and the boat forged ahead and won the race.

The steamboat did much to help the growth of the West. It brought in new settlers and caused new towns to spring up along the rivers and lakes and brought the different parts of the country into closer touch with one another.

The Boys' Festival

MARY E. RAKER

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

"CLACK, clack, clack," sounded Seiji's wooden *geta* as he hurried down the street. Japanese boys seldom hurry except in play, but Seiji had a special reason for hurrying this morning. Indeed, he went so speedily that sometimes his big toe almost slipped from the velvety band that held his *geta* to his foot.

He rounded a busy corner into a narrow street, and started anew his quick trot, "clack, clack, clack." Here was the doorway of the shop where he worked. Would his master perhaps be very angry that he was late this one morning?

Seiji left his shoes at the doorway, and slipped into the soft straw sandals which he wore in the house. He saw at a glance that the other boys were already working, so he hastened to the corner where sat the master. Seiji dropped to his knees before him, and bowed low and most politely.

"An honorable good morning, my master," he said. "Seiji regrets his lateness on this

one morning. He is bowed down with shame. Seiji delayed to look at the carp kites that fly high above the doorways."

The master of the shop frowned ever so slightly. It was wrong indeed to encourage a boy in tardiness, and equally wrong to let unseemly haste go uncorrected. In Japan, a boy should walk easily and move quietly, not in the boisterous rush of the western nations.

But the master was troubled, too, that Seiji should have referred to the Boys' Festival. For it was indeed the fifth day of the fifth month, and, on their special day, boys should not work as on other days. But he was a poor man, this master of the toy shop, and though he was kind-hearted he could not afford to give this day over to idleness, nor to present the boys with gifts. Instead, he tried to pretend that these boys were grown-up makers of toys, and therefore not interested in the ancient festival day.

So he spoke solemnly. "It is not seemly to run about in this breathless fashion. Nor

indeed is tardiness, for whatever reason, beyond reproach. Your regret does not justify you. Go to work therefore without greater delay."

Seiji bowed humbly and sucked his breath politely through his teeth to make the soft hissing sound which denotes special reverence in speaking to one's superiors.

Then Seiji picked up a tray of toys and carried it to his place by the long low window. He knelt before them, sat back on his heels, and began to work. Usually he was fascinated by the little toys he was finishing. They came unfinished from a great factory, and he and the other boys pasted bright bits of paper on them, or added little touches of paint. Most times as he worked, Seiji thought of the toys and the children who would play with them. He knew some of them would go to foreign lands, and he tried to imagine the foreign children at their play. It was like making little gifts for these foreign children whom he had never seen.

But today Seiji hardly thought of the toys in his hands. Last night it had rained, and the ground outside was wet and spongy. It made him think of the country fields which had been his home while his parents lived. He had worked barefoot then every day in the fields. He remembered the feel of the soft earth between his toes, and the smell of the ground and the growing things as he weeded and hoed. He imagined that he could smell the soft earth of the country after this spring rain, and that he could hear the roots of the plants drinking in the raindrops.

His friends in the country had been envious when Seiji had gone to the great Tokyo to live.



"How fine it will be!" they told him. And he had thought so, too. But here he was so far from growing things! He had not known how much he would miss them, and all the joys of the busy noisy streets could not make up for them.

Seiji sighed. This morning he had risen early and walked many blocks to a place where the tall modern buildings would not shut off his view. There he could see Fujiyama, the dear snow-capped mountain in the clouds that he had loved in his country home. He could so seldom see it here, and today he decided to keep the Boys' Festival in this way. He had gone very early so that the rosy glow of sunrise would not be gone from the clouds. But he was not earlier than those who had boys in their homes, for already the carp flags were out, tied to the poles. The great hollow paper fish, one for each boy in the home, flew like kites in the wind.

Seiji thought a little sadly of the days when his parents bought carp flags for him, and of his pride in flying them on the mornings of the Boys' Festival. This morning he had no flag of his own, but as he sat and looked at Fujiyama he could see the other boys' kites, and thought of what they symbolized. For the carp always fights its way higher and higher up into the clear streams of the mountains, leaving behind the sluggish, muddy waters of the lowlands. Yes, a boy's life should be like that, he reasoned.

Seiji's thoughts were so far away from his work that he hardly saw what went on around him this morning. He did not notice the cart full of vegetables which drew up in front of his window. Though the vegetable man was a very special friend of his, Seiji did not see him until the little man stood just on the other side of the glass and laughed at him through the window. Then Seiji bowed in recognition, and went at once to tell the master.

"Here is the farmer with his cart. What would my master have of him this morning?"

The master lived in the shop, and so he was glad to have the farmer call to sell him vegetables. He knew that Seiji had lived on a farm and understood about buying vegetables, so he always handed the boy the money and asked him to select them.

He pulled out as fine a carp as Seiji had ever seen

"Whatever the small one chooses," the master replied.

So Seiji went out and addressed the farmer politely. "An honorable good morning, Arima San," he said. "How fine your cart looks!"

The carrots were bright and gay, and the spinach rich and green, fresh with water. It smelled like the spring in the country to Seiji, and he fingered the greens lovingly.

Now the farmer spoke to him eagerly. "A happy festival day to you. I have thought of you this day when first I awoke, and see—I have a little present for you." The man pulled out of his great full sleeves as fine a carp as Seiji had ever seen.

Seiji was delighted. It was the first time since he left his country home that anyone had given him a real present, and his heart glowed thankfully that this man who was his friend should wish to present it. He thanked him over and over again.

When Seiji looked at Arima San, he was surprised at the serious and loving gaze of his friend.

"Seiji should see the fields of the country this morning. They are clean and fresh with the rain, and the vegetables and flowers and trees are bright as a shining temple. All the countryside greets the boys of Japan. Do you remember how it is?"

Seiji told him that he remembered, that he had thought of nothing else this morning, and how he had risen at dawn to go to an open place where he could breathe the fresh air and see the Mountain. He spoke wistfully, so that Arima San smiled gently.

"Would you not miss the great city, if you were to live quietly in the country again, and simply work in the brown earth as you have told me you used to do?" he asked.

"Can one miss something he has had, when he is happier somewhere else?" asked the boy. "I miss the farm lands, but I should not miss the city. Perhaps when I am no longer a boy, but a grown man, I can go back. I shall save my money as I can, and one day when I have enough I will go to the country again, and surely I will find work."

Then Arima San smiled and unfolded a wonderful plan to the boy. For a long time he had been desiring it, he said. He and his wife were very sad that they had no son of their own. And now they wondered if they could not find a lad who would live with them as their son. They were only poor farmers, but if the boy loved the country he could be happy with them. He had long watched Seiji, he



He had walked many blocks to a place where the tall modern buildings would not shut off his view

said, and told his wife about him. She had begged him this morning to see if the boy were willing, and if it could be arranged.

There was not a more astonished and happy boy in all Japan at that moment, and, at the sight of the happiness on his face, Arima San laughed and bade him choose the vegetables while he went in and talked with the master of the shop.

Seiji never knew just what the master said, and he did not guess that money had passed between the two men that day. But at night-fall, when the farmer and his cart jogged

homeward a happy boy went with him, tightly clutching a cloth parcel of his clothes in one hand, and clinging to a carp kite with the other.

When they reached the edge of the city,

and Seiji saw the garden rows dimly in the darkness, he sighed happily and said, "I feel just like a carp fish that leaves the muddy stream behind, and finds a nice clear country stream where he can live."

A Newspaper Comes from the Air

HAROLD TUTHILL

SEVERAL months ago a brand new radio program went on the air over W9XZY, the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* experimental station. If you had listened to the broadcast it would not have been very entertaining, nor in the least intelligible. The only sound was a continuous high-pitched squeak that kept up for two hours and fifteen minutes. But then, this program was not meant for ears of the radio audience. Strangely enough, it was being transmitted for their sight; for out of special type receiving sets came fresh copies of a miniature St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, the world's first broadcasted radio edition of a newspaper!

As the printed pages rolled from the receiving sets that day last December, Volume 1, Number 1 of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* radio newspaper took its place beside all the other present-day marvels, another reality which yesterday was but a fantastic dream. First came a page containing the leading news articles of the day. Other pages, nine in all, covered sports, radio news, financial reports, the editorial cartoon which appears daily in regular editions of the *Post Dispatch*, and news pictures. One of the pictures, showing firemen rescuing victims from a burning building, had been taken only that morning.

The page came out of the receivers on a continuous roll of paper from which they were cut eight and one-half inches long and four columns wide, in the newspaper's regular type. There was no tuning as on ordinary receiving sets. The instruments were fixed to the right wave length, and a time clock automatically turned on the broadcast when it began at 2 o'clock that afternoon and shut the set off when it was completed at 4:15 o'clock.

Since then, the newspaper has been broadcast daily to fifteen receiving sets in the homes of staff members of the station. They are studying the daily broadcasts to determine what the public may think of this new device and along what lines this special service

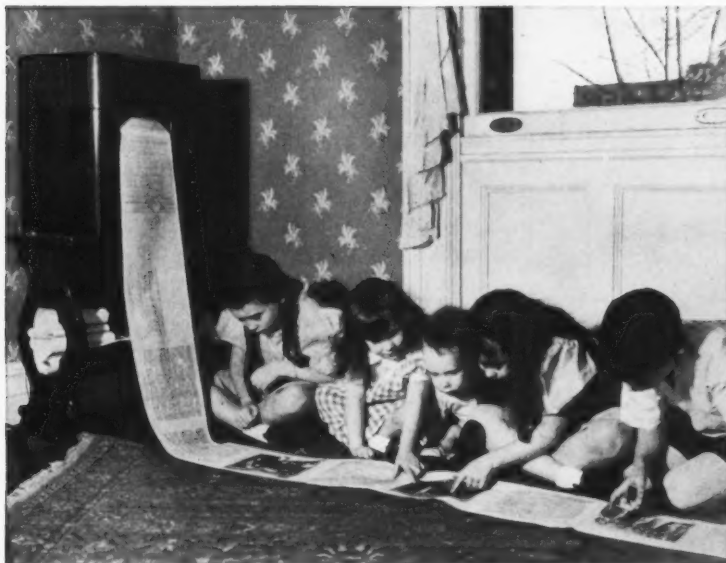
should be developed. Soon it may be the usual thing to come home from school and find that the radio has delivered the daily paper with the latest news, pictures and even comic strips.

Although comic strips have not appeared in the radio newspapers as yet, Popeye and his friends have entered into its developments. The station's engineers early dubbed the peculiar high tone which goes out over the air as the "Geep Scratch." The name fits, for you may remember that the bright little animal in the comic strip also had the power to gather information literally out of the air without visible aid.

When the newspaper broadcast begins, the "Geep Scratch" is sent over the air just as a musical program is broadcast from KSD, the *Post Dispatch's* regular station. On its wave length of 31.6 megacycles, the peculiar tone does not interfere with regular programs. But let's start at the beginning and find out how this marvelous apparatus works.

The first steps in printing the daily radio newspaper are practically the same as those of any ordinary newspaper. A trained newspaperman assembles the news as it comes over the Associated Press wires and from the local news staff of the *Post Dispatch*. The copy is then sent down to the composing room, where type is set and pages are printed just as they later appear by radio in homes. These pages are then sent up to the transmitting equipment where the radio printing process begins.

A page of the radio newspaper is mounted on a rotating drum. Then, as the page rotates, a small but powerful pinpoint of light is focused upon it. While the page is turning, this light spot travels over the entire surface of the page. Also focused upon the same spot is an "electric eye," which varies an electric current according to the amount of light reaching it. Thus, when the amount of light is changed by the varying white, dark and shaded areas of the printed page or photo-



These children are looking at the world's first edition of a radio newspaper as it came from their receiving set

graph, the electric eye transforms these variations into electric "impulses." These impulses make up the "Geep Scratch" which is transmitted by the broadcasting station on the roof of the *Post Dispatch* Building.

The facsimile receiver in the home picks up these impulses and amplifies them so that they can move a printer bar which is parallel to the mounted rolls of white paper and carbon paper in the set. These are arranged so that, when the printer bar is forced down by an impulse received from the transmitter, an impression is made on the white paper just as carbon copies are made on a typewriter. The force with which the printer bar strikes the paper varies in exact proportion to the light shades between white and dark on the copy at the transmitter, and surprisingly accurate reproductions are received in the home. In fact, newspaper people are ready to admit that many of the photographs in the radio newspaper look better than the same ones in regular print.

The radio newspaper claimed almost instant national and even international attention when it was put on the air. Magazines wanted to know about it. Schools and universities were curious. Newspapers in other cities sent correspondents to write stories about it. Paramount Pictures made a newsreel of the first broadcast. It was shown in foreign countries, and queries about the new radio newspaper broadcasts came in from twenty nations. In-

terest rose to such a pitch that Robert L. Coe, chief engineer of KSD who is in charge of broadcasting the radio newspaper, was forced to pack his bags and flee from town during the first days.

A newspaper photographer snapped one visitor while he was examining the facsimile transmitter. Thirty minutes later, when he was viewing the pages coming from the receiver, he was astonished to see his picture in print.

Chief Engineer Coe, a quiet, self-possessed young man scarcely thirty years old, is still a little puzzled over the tremendous interest created by the radio newspaper broadcasts. But that is natural, for to him it is not

so new. He and other members of the *Post Dispatch* station have been following the development of the equipment which is used in the sending and receiving of the radio newspapers for a number of years.

They have been in close touch with the RCA manufacturers, makers of the apparatus used by the *Post Dispatch* in this present experiment, who have conducted an extensive program of research and development in their laboratories in Camden, New Jersey.

About a year ago, after conferences with the Federal Communications Commission in Washington and RCA executives, it was decided that the technical development of facsimile equipment had progressed to where information was needed as to its performance under actual broadcasting conditions. Accordingly, the Federal Communications Commission authorized the *Post Dispatch* to construct the experimental station, using the call letters, W9XZY.

The station at present has a broadcasting radius of about twenty to thirty miles, which Mr. Coe explains is intentional, to concentrate broadcasting activity within limits where public reaction can be studied more closely. Later, after the radio newspaper's possibilities are more fully explored, station officials think they will put the broadcast over KSD during night hours after regular broadcasting has stopped. Using KSD's power, reaching out

(Continued on page 23)

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May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms.

—Richard Le Gallienne

Two Dates in May

MAY 12TH is Hospital Day, for it is the birthday of Florence Nightingale, the founder of modern nursing. When she was growing up more than a century ago, the daughters of wealthy parents never dreamed of going to work at anything, much less nursing the sick. In those days nursing was generally looked down upon; for it was left mostly to rather ignorant and even dirty and careless women. So Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale of the beautiful estate of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, England, were dreadfully upset when young Florence told them she meant to become a nurse.

As there were no training schools for nurses in all England then, she had to go to Germany to fit herself for the work.

Soon after her graduation she was off with a band of nurses to try to relieve the frightful sufferings of the soldiers lying neglected at the battle front in the Crimea on the Black Sea. In 1854, England, France and Sardinia joined Turkey in a war against Russia and, as

usual in a war, it was the poor soldiers who knew little of what it was all about who got the worst of it. Florence Nightingale organized a decent nursing service for these despairing men. When she returned to England, she was given a big sum of money by the grateful English people. She used it to found the first modern training school for nurses. She spent the rest of her long life improving conditions in hospitals, and that is why her birthday is observed as Hospital Day.

Florence Nightingale knew, of course, of the wonderful work of Dr. Edward Jenner. On May 14th, 1796, Dr. Jenner vaccinated James Phipps, a healthy eight-year-old boy, with vaccine taken from the hand of a dairy maid with cowpox. Later on, when the boy was inoculated with the virus of smallpox, which was then a terrible scourge in Europe, he did not come down with the disease and Jenner believed that the vaccination had been successful. Like any real scientist, however, the doctor kept on with his experiments, to make sure. Two years later he announced his findings to the world which honors him as the father of vaccination. May 14th is an important date in the history of medicine and the story of mankind.

More Than Flowers We Have Brought

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Soldiers, as we come to lay
Flowers where you rest today
In this place so sweet and still
(Rose and fern and daffodil
From the fields of May)—

Something more we bring to you
Than these blossoms gold and blue
Out of field and wood and hill:
We have brought a promise, too.

Soldiers, we will do our best
That there may be no more war
In the fair world, near or far,
No more war in this dear land
Soldiers, where you rest.

Here are rose and violet,
Garlands we have loved to weave,
Lily, myrtle, mignonette
Gathered in the springtime hours.
And our promise, too, we leave
With the flowers.

They Move the Earth

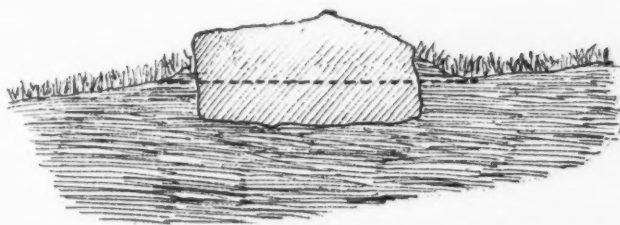
FRANK THONE

THE common angle- or earthworm, or, as most of us know him, the "fishin' worm," is the greatest of all workers in the soil, and the farmer's steady helper. His activity is responsible for a large part of our billions of dollars of annual crops, and, if full credit were given to all the agencies which have helped to build up our national prosperity, the earthworm would have to have one of the most valuable medals. One of the world's greatest scientists, Charles Darwin, wrote a book about him and closed with these words:

"It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

That is worth remembering the next time we go digging for bait.

The earthworm is valuable for the same reason that the plow is valuable. He mellowes the soil by turning it over and over, letting in the rain and the air and mixing with it the secretions of his body and the mold from the vegetable matter which he pulls down into his hole. Scientists estimate that the soil cast out each year by earthworms working in a field of mellow ground like that of a garden would cover the whole surface of the field a fifth of an inch deep. Since there may be as many as 150,000 earthworms in a single acre of ground, and millions on an ordinary farm, it does not take many years for them to turn over all the soil for a foot or more, even without the help of a plow. In a few centuries this sluggish toiler, if left alone, can bury whole cities simply by bringing little masses of soil to the top of the ground, where natural forces spread it over any object that may be lying on the surface.



Earthworms can gradually lower great stones like those in the ruins at Stonehenge in England, by continually passing soil through their bodies and throwing it out of the top of their burrows. They will bury old buildings in the course of centuries

While he can not be given very high marks for intelligence, the earthworm is not altogether dumb. In cold weather he pulls a leaf-peticle or some like object into his burrow and plugs up the opening, apparently in order to keep warm. He lines the top of the burrow with vegetable matter probably to avoid contact with the cold ground. Darwin tells how he tried many experiments to see how the worms would act in pulling unfamiliar small objects into their burrows in order to plug them up.

His conclusion was that they showed something like intelligence in the way in which they handled objects of different shape.

Earthworms have no eyes, but they can tell bright light from darkness, and they can also tell the difference between bright and weak lights.

They seem to feel the light with their whole bodies.

They are very timid by nature, and some strong stimulus such as a sudden strong light or the vibrations from certain keys of the piano will send them quickly to their holes.

In this last trait they seem to show an almost human reaction.

SPRING PLOWING

RACHEL BLUMBERG

The farmer
Plows laboriously.
His clumsy, brown team
Breaks the fresh, damp earth
Into a freedom
For the earthworms.
Greedy, his white chickens
Follow him,
Cackling,
Gobbling the earthworms.
Farmer, brown team,
White chickens,
And tunneling earthworms
All help with the first
Spring plowing.

—From "Young Voices," volume II, an anthology of student verse from Scott Junior High School, Terre Haute, Indiana. Georgia A. Brewster, ed.

Letters from Here and There

This is a letter in an album from the school at Mt. Herbert, Prince Edward Island, to correspondents in a school in Springfield, Massachusetts:

IN THE maritime provinces of Canada, which are New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, we always think of Boston as being our fish market. From these provinces, especially Nova Scotia, many tons of fish are sent to your markets every month of the year. The fishermen of Prince Edward Island do not send many fish excepting the little fish called smelt which are caught with nets through the ice in the winter. We also send oysters and lobsters which live in abundance around our shores.

Prince Edward Island is such a narrow island that there are no large rivers in the whole province, but there are a great many spring streams. It is doubtful if there is another piece of land of its size in North America with so many crystal springs. These springs do not freeze even in such severe weather as we have had this past winter. There being so many springs along our streams, very few of the streams freeze over, and watercress grows in them all the year.

Our streams are ideal places for brook trout. The trout season opens the middle of April when most of the boys and some of the girls of our school go fishing and catch a "gad" of trout. The speckled or brook trout is the only fish of any size which lives permanently in our streams and ponds. Besides the brook trout, there is another kind of trout known here as salt water trout. They live in the sea, but come into the streams in the fall to spawn and sometimes at other times of the year. They are caught with hook and line in the streams or more often in the salt water marshes and also along the seashore, where anglers catch them with artificial flies. The salt water trout are considered the finest of all.

There are other fish which ordinarily live in the sea but run up our streams to spawn. Among these are the salmon, gaspereau and smelt. The salmon and gaspereau are found in our largest streams and we don't often see them, but the smelts are quite different. As soon as we hear the first frogs singing in the

spring of the year we can be sure that every little stream is full of spawning smelts. They come in from the sea in such great numbers that sometimes there seems to be scarcely room for them to swim in the streams. Years ago farmers used to dip them from the streams and put them in great piles to be used as fertilizer for the fields, but such a waste of good fish is now illegal. On our way to school in the spring we stop on the bridge below the school and watch the masses of smelts. Often there are so many we can not see the bottom of the stream.

The salmon and trout spawn naturally in our streams, but many are trapped in the fall of the year and their eggs are taken and hatched in two hatcheries on the island. One of these is a government hatchery and the other a private hatchery. The private hatchery is less than a half mile from our school.

Another industry of Prince Edward Island is fox-raising, which is described in a letter from the school at Hampshire to correspondents in Moline, Illinois:

Prince Edward Island became the starting place of the silver fox industry more than thirty years ago when two black fox cubs were dug out of a hole in Tignish by two men, Mr. Oulton and Mr. Dalton. These foxes were "freaks," as the true foxes are red, though sometimes they have black spots. The cubs were kept in captivity, where pups were born to them, but the parent pair did not live. So Mr. Oulton suggested that the youngsters be put in pens in the woods. This was done with great success, and later other islanders bought pairs from the two men, so that the industry grew. Nowadays practically every farmer on the island owns a ranch or shares in one.

The fox is a very shy little animal, but harmless if left alone. There are several different kinds of foxes on Prince Edward Island such as black, dark medium, light patch, red and, most important, the silver fox with its shining black fur tipped with gleaming silver and its glossy white tail tip.

The young are usually born in March and April. There are from six to eight pups in a litter. The little pups look very much like kittens and are blind for nine days. The



A silver fox. Raising them is an important industry on Prince Edward Island

mother, or vixen, is extremely shy both before and after their birth, and if frightened is likely to kill her young. Sometimes the mother dies and then the young pups are mothered by cats, which take kindly to their little charges, nursing them as if they were their own kittens, and often playing with them until they are practically full grown. The feeding and care of the foxes is a very particular task, as they are delicate little charges. The general food is meat, codliver oil, biscuits, fish, milk and eggs. Then during certain periods of their existence they have to be given medicine and treated for various diseases. The usual type of ranch is enclosed with a strong wire fence running around the enclosure and both above and below it, as the animals take great delight in digging their way out of any enclosure. Inside this are pens (sometimes separated, sometimes with pairs) and small wooden houses for each. And perhaps fastened outside of this ranch is a large dog, as Prince Edward Island has its fox robbers and the owners take no chances with the valuable animals.

The foxes are usually pelted in November and December, and the first-class pelts bring from two hundred to three hundred dollars. The fur is at its best when the animal is eight months old. It is not good for the fur, either, to treat the foxes as pets. They should live as much as possible like foxes in the wild state. Perhaps you may some day see a grand lady displaying her silver fur mantle, and you will

think of our fox-raising industry.

Like the United States, Canada has a population made up mostly of settlers from other lands. As with us, the Indians are the real "first families." When she was fourteen years old and but lately come to Broad Valley in Manitoba, Savina Nadrichny wrote for an album from her school to one in Philadelphia:

I am going to tell you about my old country, the Ukraine. The country has very good soil and everything grows well. The soil is black and there aren't so many stones in it as there are here. It is not so cold there as it is here; the winter lasts only for about two months.

The springtime is in March, when everybody is sowing grain and other things. Here in March you have to sit by the stove. In

the old country the trees are kept very clean. There are ash, beech, fir, hazel, pine in the woods. There is a nettle, too, which always grows by the creeks. If you go barefooted into the nettle, there will be some pimples on your feet and they will hurt very much. The fruit trees are planted about almost every home. There are apples which are bigger than those in Canada, pears, peaches and plums. Grape vines are raised, too; some people dry grapes and have raisins for winter. There are lots of beautiful flowers over the fields. There is a red poppy and an aconite, a poison plant with a blue flower, violets bigger than these in Canada, lilac, hawthorn and a belladonna lily the color of a rose.

There the birds are very pretty. The cuckoo is gray, and it always likes to sit on the ground on the stones. There are singing larks, wood pigeons, swallows, quail, parrots, magpies, and sparrows. When night comes, the nightingale sits up on the fruit trees and sings very clearly.

In the old country the houses are along a village street. All the roofs are thatched with hay and straw. Through the village runs a little creek. The women don't wash clothes in the house as they do here, but they wash in the creeks. The clothes in the old country are better than they are here, and there the women weave the stuff themselves. They make good clothes from this homespun cloth and trim them with embroidery. They eat cornmeal soup, black bread from wheat and

rye flour, omelets, potatoes, cabbage, beets, peas, beet soup and dumplings of potatoes and cheese and of cabbage, too. At Easter they eat meat, eggs, sausage, cheese and other things. Only at holidays they have white bread. Some people drink milk from goats. They work very hard, cutting grain with sickles, binding it with bands of hay. They thresh the grain with flails.

In my old home there was a big school-house with a bell on the top that could be heard a long way off.

The desks were long enough for eight people to sit at them. The younger people came from eight o'clock to twelve o'clock, and after dinner the older people came from twelve to four o'clock.

The boys and girls from about eight to fourteen years herd the sheep. In winter they feed sheep with dry leaves of corn and with potatoes, too. They burn the potato tops in the stove, and wood if they can buy it. The cook-stove is made of stones and clay, with an oven of stones and clay at the side. On top of the stove are boards, and the children like to sleep there in winter. The floor is made of clay, too, but the richer people have floors of boards.

The people have no clocks, but they keep time by the cock's crow. When he crows the third time they get up. The people don't have cats and dogs for their pets as we have in Canada.

Here is an English translation of a Ukrainian song:

AUTUMN

Autumn comes, autumn comes,
Nearly it is winter.
Don't be sad, all merry children,
That the flowers aren't here.

Jack Frost will come very soon,
As an artist,
And draw upon the windows
All kinds of silver flowers.

Many a person has felt at some time like Yasuhiko Ino who wrote for an album going from a Japanese school to one in the United States:

The night school was already started. Through the house windows of our teacher, Mr. Maeda, several lights were seen. The lights reflected on the wet clogs which were left at the entrance as usual. It gave me a damp feeling. It was a rainy day.

"You are late. Why did you not come earlier?" I said to myself, and opened a slid-

ing door between the study and the garden. At this moment, my hands were trembling. When I went halfway into the room, I noticed that the air was rather close. The people in the room turned their eyes from their books to me. When our eyes met in the air, my face flushed red. As I had disturbed them in their study I was much ashamed of my being late.

Unconsciously, my eyes looked down at my wet feet. My right hand was playing with a button on my suit.

In the next moment, when I was reminded of the talk I once gave to my classmates on "Being on Time," I was ashamed all the way to the roots of my hair.

I was so ashamed that I was almost at a loss to know what to do.

Even the spring rain outside sounded as if it were scolding me.

From another school in Japan came this account of one of the great men of that country:

Yasushi Nawa devoted his entire life to the study of entomology, and greatly contributed to the Japanese agriculture by consecrating himself to the extermination of damage by noxious insects.

His entomological study began with what would seem a small matter to us ordinary people. One morning he found many green worms gathered on one of the roses which his grandfather took care of, and saw that great damage had been done to its young shoots. He was very much interested in this and he thought, "Since garden plants suffer from damage caused by noxious insects, so must farm plants. If damage to the latter is prevented, it will be a great contribution to our country."

Then Yasushi Nawa made up his mind to devote himself to the study of insects.

After this decision, he was remarkably industrious. Walking all around mountains and fields, he collected various kinds of insects, sometimes bred them, and conducted a complete research into their habits. Besides, he made an effort to collect specimens of insects, struggling with all kinds of hardships and difficulties.

There is a saying, "When Heaven intends to impose a great vocation on a person, it gives him hardships and privations, both mentally and physically." In 1891 a big earthquake occurred in Gifu districts, when Nawa's house collapsed, some of his family were injured, and the specimens of insects, the fruit of his hard-

est labor, were badly damaged. There must have been an unfathomably deep sigh in his mind. But if he had given up his work, surrendering to this blow, he would never have been the most famous entomologist in Japan. His love of learning and his indomitable will kept him going, and his research in the extermination of noxious insects and in the protection of beneficial insects bore fruit in increased agricultural products in Japan.

In 1897, the rice crop of the whole country was threatened with great damage from leaf hoppers. At that time most of the people were very ignorant about leaf hoppers, and consequently the methods for their extermination were not scientifically proper. The whole farm land of our country might have been blighted by the leaf hoppers, but God had sent Yasushi Nawa to rescue the people from this critical situation. Yasushi, keeping the results of his research of many years constantly on the move from place to place, devoted himself to the extermination of leaf hoppers.

His great effort resulted in the enlightenment of the people and the relief of the crop from damage.

We can not help admiring his sincerity and his ceaseless effort.

And here is a bit about diamonds from a school in the greatest diamond mining region, Kimberley, South Africa. With the album came a box of various kinds and sizes of stones from the diamond diggings. It went to a school in Birmingham, Alabama, which had sent its South African correspondents an album about coal and a doll dressed as a miner:

The first African diamond was discovered in the Hopetown district near the Orange River. It was the plaything of a little boy on a farm. A trader, noticing this peculiar stone, had it examined by an expert, who declared that it was a diamond worth £500. The glad news spread like wildfire. Everybody started looking for bright stones. The banks of the Vaal and Orange rivers produced many glittering gems.

One was bartered from a witch doctor and



A Japanese toy maker building a boat

was called the "Star of South Africa." This stone was valued at £10,000 and was later bought by the Earl of Dudley.

The diamond-bearing ground is of igneous origin and is contained in "pipes," or enlargement of fissures. The "pipes" are filled with "kimberlite," called from its color "blue ground." The blue ground is mined on several levels and dropped through passes into trucks on the lowest, or hoisting ground.

In two processes the ground is concentrated practically down to the diamond. The ground is first crushed, then fed with a supply of water into pans where the mixture is agitated mechanically, allowing diamonds and heavy material to sink to the bottom, while the lighter material is carried off. The residual concentrates are then carried on to sloping, shaking tables coated with petroleum jelly. While practically everything is carried away by a stream of water, the diamonds are heavy and adhere to the jelly.

The river diggings are of great interest to visitors.

They are distinct from the mines. The particular district covered by the river diggings is hundreds of square miles in extent, but visitors can motor out to Barkly West in an hour from Kimberley and see the methods employed by the digger. The lure of the diggings is great. A man may be poor today and rich tomorrow.

Junior News



An old national dance being performed at a fiesta by girl members of Budapest

ALMOST 5,000 toys were made by J. R. C. members at Boston, Massachusetts, playgrounds last summer. There were several hundred rag dolls, a large collection of soft toys, puzzles, scrapbooks, nicely furnished doll houses, knitted and crocheted squares, paper work and other gifts.

After an exhibition in a downtown department store, the houses, wooden furniture and paper work were taken to one of the health centers for children of pre-school age. Articles such as clothespin dolls, pencil holders, yarn dolls, book marks, beads and belts were set aside and included in Christmas boxes which the Juniors packed early in the school year. The other gifts, some four thousand of them, were distributed at Christmas time through the welfare agencies of the city.

AT A SERIES of Regional Conferences held in Virginia last year for Junior Red Cross Chairmen, teachers and Chapter officials, J. R. C. members had a chance to help with the plans in many ways.

For the conference at Tappahannock, February 23, the home economics department

prepared and served luncheon and decorated the tables. A color scheme of red, white and blue was used.

At Richmond, members dressed in the costumes of foreign countries presented a play which stressed world friendship. In South Boston, two first-graders, dressed as Red Cross nurses, distributed programs. High-school Juniors had charge of registration.

The Nansemond County Regional was held at Suffolk, where the local J. R. C. gave a musical program following the luncheon meeting, and again just before the afternoon session.

In Alexandria, Virginia, members made menu covers for use at the conference luncheon held on February 21. The covers were white, decorated with cherries and hatchets. Inside, on a silhouette of George Washington, the luncheon menu was printed.

AT QUARTER of twelve on May 18, 1938, elementary school Juniors of Ventura County, California, broadcast this message from Station KNX, Los Angeles:

"On this World Good Will Day, we join in sending this message of friendship to all children of the world and their parents. Like the news broadcasts in these troublesome times, our message is for all who tune in, knowing no boundary line and coming to the youth of all people of every race. With heads as well as hearts, in understanding justice, we seek world-wide friendship in brotherly love and lasting peace.

"We believe that the world is big enough and rich enough to support and to give happiness to every person regardless of race or religion. We know that we are far from this ideal, but we wish to pay tribute to the men and the women, the girls and the boys who have helped and who are helping us work toward this goal. We think that kindness and love are the finest possessions men can have and that good will starts at home.

"We want to be friends with all people of all countries.

"We are fortunate to live now with so much to be done all over the world—a world made



Above: Kirk School Juniors of Fresno, California, presented "Friends from Overseas" in honor of World Good Will Day. The performance was repeated the following week at a Junior Council meeting. Left: Juniors of the Ensign School in Salt Lake City took flowers to the patients in the Veterans' Hospital on hospital day, May 12th. Below: Juniors of Ann Arbor, Michigan, with gifts from abroad. The girl on the left is holding an album from France, the one on the right inspects a doll from Czechoslovakia



smaller than ever before. May Juniors in every land use wisely their vast energy and the practice of the Golden Rule, for 'In unity there is strength.'

"We will support now and always every effort to further understanding between all nations."

TRANSPORTATION, rescue, medical aid, purchasing, shelter, registration and information, fund-raising, clothing, communications, food and survey—all of these sub-committees of the Chapter's Committee on Disaster Preparedness and Relief were represented in the table decorations at the annual dinner of Evansville, Indiana, Chapter. Eleven schools joined in making these centerpieces, which were built on plaques 14" x 18" in size.

FROM AN original membership of thirteen, the "Orbis" group in Stockholm, Sweden, has grown until now more than one hundred boys are members. The Juniors are required to take a course in home hygiene and care of the sick and earn a certificate; they must meet certain other requirements, too, such as being able to hike five kilometers (more than three miles) in one hour, to know the Morse code, to be able to run a camp kitchen for two days, and also to know how to provide for and plan menus for the two days.

SEVENTY-NINE schools took part in a J.R.C. rally of Steele County, Minnesota. The rally opened with a parade in which each school had a display representing its special activities. Some schools with a large number of children with foreign-born parents had pupils dressed in national costume—German, Swed-

ish, Norwegian. One school exhibit showed a battered and ruined home after a flood, and then the new home as the Red Cross had helped to build it. First Aid and the work of the Red Cross abroad were among other themes carried out in the parade.

J. R. C. MEMBERS of Hinds County, Mississippi, served at the Emergency First Aid Station set up at the State Fair.

DR. C. Y. WU, Director of the National Red Cross Society of China at Hongkong, wrote in appreciation of the 6,226 Christmas boxes received from Pacific Coast Juniors:

"The toys are very welcome to our refugee children, and I assure you of their gratitude to the American Junior Red Cross and all the school children in America who contributed the wonderful articles. It makes me feel young again to see the marbles, toy cars, crayons, preserved fruits, etc.

"I have already distributed several hundred cartons to orphans and destitute Chinese children who have come into Hongkong from war-torn China. I have earmarked a quantity for our kiddies in the interior, and will ship them as soon as the opportunity occurs."

MANY OF THE hospitals where J. R. C. members have "adopted" veterans like to have favors for the Fourth of July. If these can not be made before school closes, groups can plan to complete the favors as a vacation activity.

WHILE their mothers are attending P. T. A. meetings, Lake Worth, Florida, Juniors take care of small children. They also look out for children on the playgrounds.

SHORTENING tins, carefully cleaned and decorated, were filled with cookies by the Robert E. Lee School in Baltimore, Maryland. Then the gifts were sent as Mother's Day remembrances to the mothers in a local hospital and institution.

Second grade pupils of the Perley School in South Bend, Indiana, put on a safety court skit which was so good that it was later presented over the air



SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE

THE JUNIORS of Ivanhoe East, Australia, knitted squares and made cot covers to be sent to the China Relief Committee.

MILLER PARK School, Omaha, Nebraska, is making ash trays from tin can lids for men in the government hospital at Fort Bayard, New Mexico. The lids are hammered into the right shape, and then shellacked.

AWAGA SCHOOL, Kanzakigun, Hyogo Prefecture, Japan, wrote in an album to Carpenter School, Evansville, Indiana:

"One Sunday morning each month we meet at the public hall before 6:30 and clean the village road. If necessary, we repair it. Higher Primary School members clean the public hall.

"Every evening we warn the villagers, 'Take care of your fire.' If there is any home where our help is needed, we go there and work for the family.

"We have an exhibit of our school work to show the villagers what we are doing. We have fine vegetable gardens.

"We collect and sell rags, metals, books, and also the medicinal herbs which grow in our fields and at the foot of the mountains. Rice has a stem of very strong fiber. We twist ropes with dried rice stems and sell them. And we catch and sell a kind of small shell-fish that live in a ditch not far from our homes.

"We want to earn enough money to buy a new national flag."

THIS CODE on Conservation was planned and carried out as a J. R. C. project of School No. 97 in Baltimore, Maryland:

In order to have a more beautiful school as well as a clean one, we decided to make "Jackson Square" our particular piece of work.

1. Because trees, grass, flowers and birds are valuable to man in many ways, we as members of the Junior Red Cross promise to try to protect them whenever we can.

(Continued from page 13)

for hundreds of miles, little imagination is needed to see what the radio newspaper will mean to farmers and villagers in outlying communities who will then awake in the morning with last-minute market bulletins and news of the world laid out ready to read.

The radio newspaper will not replace the regular newspapers, Mr. Coe says. Rather, it will supplement them by filling in between editions to bring to homes the more important



One of the exhibits at the Community Fund Exposition in Pittsburgh shows the extent of Red Cross activities around the world

2. We will remember to keep off the grass.

3. We will remember to protect the trees about us. We will try not to climb the trees or break off limbs.

4. We will try to put all trash in the trash cans so that it will not get into the bowl of the fountains or be blown about in the square.

5. We will remember that flowers planted in the square are put there for many people to enjoy, and not for us to destroy.

6. We will not harm birds and will do all we can to protect them.

7. We will talk about these things to others, so that they too may work toward having a beautiful square.

developments in the world's news as they happen. In this medium, the radio newspaper has definite advantages. In its printed form it is a permanent record of the day's news broadcast. Then, the broadcast is received whether someone is home or not.

What turn the future of the radio newspaper will take station officials are not prepared to say. But they do feel certain that it will become an important factor in the life of the nation.



"I won't tell you anything more, or it will spoil the surprise. Just wait and see"

May Day Surprise

DELIA GOETZ

Pictures by Charles Dunn

JIMMY was all dressed up ready to go to his first party in Guatemala. It was Arturo's birthday and the first of May, too.

That morning Jimmy had been disappointed because they hadn't made May baskets in school as they always did at home. He had tried to ask Señorita Carmen, his new teacher, about it. But it was hard to try to describe a May basket when you knew so few Spanish words.

"Ready, Jimmy?" called José at the gate. José had visited in New York long enough to learn some English. He was Jimmy's best friend here in Guatemala.

"Just a minute while I say good-by to Mother," answered Jimmy. He ran into the living room and kissed his mother.

He waited while she told him all over again to be a good boy and not to forget what to say to Arturo's mother. Then she walked out on the porch with him to greet José, and waited there to wave to them when they turned the corner at the end of the block.

Jimmy was glad that José was along and could understand what he said to him. Sometimes he felt a little lonely here when his mother was out of sight. Everything was very strange yet, and it was hard to make people understand if you forgot some of the Spanish words.

"José, don't you ever have May baskets and Maypoles down here?" asked Jimmy.

"No, we don't. But we'll have some-

thing at the party today that you don't have at home."

"What is it? Is it something like May-poles and May baskets?"

"It's a little like a May basket," said José. "It has colored paper and has nice things inside."

"Will we each have one?" asked Jimmy.

"I won't tell you anything more about it, Jimmy, or it will spoil the surprise for you. You just wait and see if you don't think a Guatemalan May party is fun."

Jimmy and José were the last ones to arrive at the party. Arturo's mother had invited everyone in the class. Jimmy was glad of that because he knew them all. When Arturo said, "We're going to have the *piñata* now," everyone jumped up and tried to get out of the room at once. Jimmy had never heard of a *piñata*, but he tumbled out of the door with the others.

They went to the back patio, a big open room without a roof right in the middle of the house. A big, big parrot made of colored papers was hanging from wires stretched across the patio.

"Who wants to be the first?" asked Arturo. "I," sang out everyone there. "I'll close my eyes and point to someone," said Arturo. The first one he pointed to was José. Arturo took a cloth and tied it over José's eyes as though he were going to play "Pin the Tail on the Donkey." Then he brought a big stick and gave it to José. Jimmy won-

dered if he was going to try to hit them with it. He didn't see what all of this had to do with the parrot. He asked some of the boys and girls, but they laughed and said, "Watch and see what he does."

Then the strangest thing happened when Arturo said, "Ready!" José began to strike out at the parrot hanging from the wire. First he struck way off to one side and everyone laughed. He struck again and almost hit the parrot's wing. The children said, "One more chance." José waited a little and then struck out as hard as he could, but he missed the parrot by a long way.

Arturo took the blind off José's eyes, closed his own and pointed again. This time he pointed to Rosa. She was very small and didn't strike as hard as José



Jimmy drew the stick back and struck as hard as he could

had. But she touched the parrot the very first time. Jimmy thought that meant she had won. But José only laughed and said, "No, she didn't break it."

"Break what?" said Jimmy.

"The pottery jar inside the *piñata*," said José, grinning back at Jimmy's puzzled look. No one wanted to tell him anything because they wanted him to have a surprise.

Rosa struck two more times but didn't hit the *piñata* again.

Arturo pointed to Carlos this time. He was the biggest boy there. Everyone thought he would surely break the *piñata*. He hit it twice, and the last time he struck the air so hard that he almost lost his balance.

He laughed with the others when they took off the blind.

Several of the other boys and girls had a chance, and then Arturo pointed to Jimmy.

Jimmy took a good look at the *piñata* before the blind was tied on. When he was all ready he swung the stick just the way his Daddy had taught him to bat a ball. It made a whistling sound when it struck the air.

"Good, Jimmy. That was near," called José. Jimmy drew the stick back of his shoulders again and once more struck just as hard as he could. Crash! Bang! Things were falling all around him. The children began shouting and clapping their hands.

Jimmy was so frightened that he dropped the stick and pulled the blind from his eyes.

Everyone was running here and there, picking up the things that had fallen from the *piñata*. There were candy and

nuts and marbles and all kinds of toys and good things to eat.

There wasn't much left of the bright parrot, though.

When everything had been picked up, Arturo led them to the dining room. There was a big, long table heaped full of good things.

Jimmy thought he had never seen so many different kinds of cakes or such pretty frostings.

Even the ice cream was different from any he had eaten. It tasted like cinnamon and was very good.

Arturo's mother smiled when she came to the dining room and told them to eat all they wanted. When Arturo's Daddy came home he came to the dining room, too. He asked who broke the *piñata*. They all pointed at Jimmy. He came over and felt the muscle in Jimmy's arms and said, "What hard muscles this little American has!" and patted Jimmy's head.

The children all laughed, for they liked Arturo's Daddy.

"Did you like the Guatemalan party?" José asked on the way home.

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy quickly. "It was lots of fun. I never knew before that anyone could have a May party without May baskets or a Maypole."

José laughed.

"When I first went to New York I didn't see how anyone could have a May party without a *piñata*."

(*Latin American children have "piñatas" at other parties besides birthday parties. They have them at Christmas, for example. We had a cover on the NEWS for December, 1934, showing a Christmas "piñata" party in Mexico.—Editor.*)



Midsummer Festival

Margaret B. Cross

Pictures by Hedwig Pelizaeus

All the beasts in the greenwood,
And all the birds on the bough,
Are singing and dancing,
And skipping and prancing,
Because it is midsummer now.

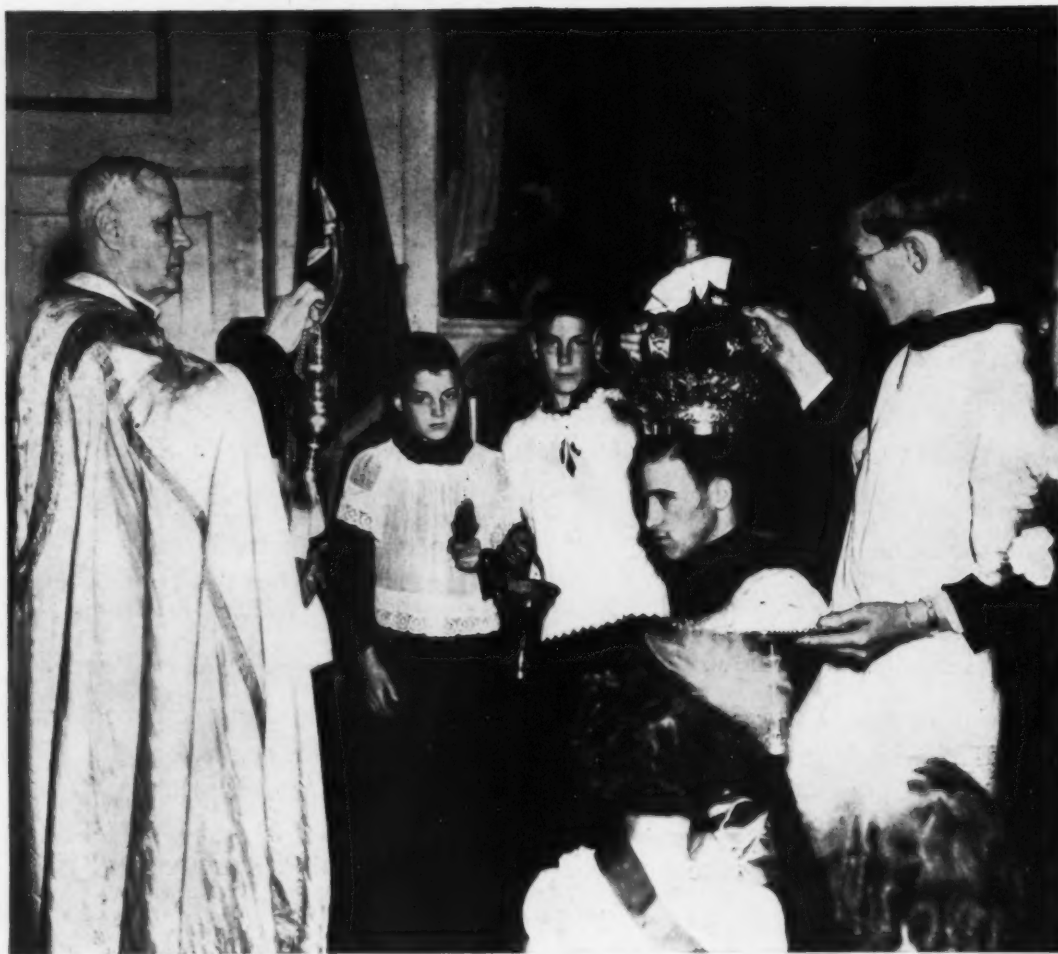
The hare in his velvet jacket,
And the fox with his rough red brush,
Are treading a measure
Together, with pleasure,
To the music that's led by the thrush.

Rat-tat-tat drums the wood-pie,
The pheasant his rattle springs,
The leaves of the trees
To the whispering breeze
Make curtsy and flutter their wings.

All the beasts in the greenwood,
And all the birds on the bough,
Are singing and dancing,
And skipping and prancing,
Because it is high summer now.

Courtesy British Junior Red Cross Journal





JOHN ADAMS, GLOUCESTER

A Fisherman Crowned

The Portuguese fishermen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, continue to keep a ceremony brought over from Portugal. Every year the man chosen by members of his fraternity for various rea-

sons, mainly character, is honored by being crowned at a special service in the church. This photograph shows a crowning ceremony of last June.

